

## THE LAST LOVE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I am alone and 'tis the twilight-time,  
The hours when shades are deepest in the heart;  
And wandering breezes sigh a mournful rhyme,  
Perchance 'tis of the lost—but do I start?  
For he is lost, and 'tis a time to muse—  
My brow begins to chill with memory's dews.  
But not for him—no, no—oh, not for him  
Gush these cold tears, though he is far away;  
His picture in my heart is growing dim;  
As it were painted by some misty ray,  
When autumn's mournful moon was faint and pale,  
And every bright star wore a cloudy veil.  
I've striven to love him, though it were in vain  
To have one fond thought in my heart's vast void,  
One dream of breathing life shrouded again;  
But all my early worship is destroyed—  
Some slow convulsion through my life has past,  
And made a chaos and a space at last.  
Would that my deep devotion were forgot—  
For now I know were he and I alone,  
In God's unending universe, I'd not  
Love him again! That dream is gone, all gone—  
But one soft, sweet, and beautiful, and blest,  
Lulls the wild storms of loneliness to rest.  
Another oh, another dearer one  
Dwells in the heart that has been vacant long,  
And the clear straight of his love's undone  
All spells of darkness—bright, and pure, and strong  
In my wild nature burns the thought of him  
Which Fate itself can neither quench or dim.

## THE HIDDEN GRIEF.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

There was but just one man in the world that my father hated; and he, strange as it may appear, was the only one whom I could, by any possibility, love.

In vain I took myself to task for this perversity of feeling; it grew upon me day by day, and hour by hour. It was to no purpose that I tried to see with my father's eyes, and to judge with my father's judgment; the man to him so obnoxious was to me the one "altogether lovely," and my heart yearned towards him with a longing that was utterly uncontrollable, and which constantly strengthened.

The strange gentleness of his manner towards me, and the deep feeling that dwelt like music in his tones when he addressed me, had won my love, while as yet he had breathed no word which told me he desired it. But hearts understand each other's language, and mine knew well that with him was its rest. I needed not a word to assure me of his entire devotion; and, alas for it! not all my love for my father, nor all my respect for his opinions, could prevent me from returning his affection.

What should I do? what could I do? I had not sought to enter into this fever and fervor of feeling. It had come upon me like a strong man armed, and there was no power within me which could hinder it from sweeping triumphantly through all my soul.

"I must see Le Roy. I do not care what is the proper way. I am too miserable for that. I will do nothing wicked; and as for the rest, if he did not deeply love me, I should not so long for his sympathy—so love and desire his presence. I will not try to bear all this any longer. I will have the joy of his company, at least once. But will he come?"

This was the doubt that tormented me when I had sent, by my servant, a note to Le Roy Hastings.

I walked up and down the floor of my small library, built for my own private use by my kind father. I reflected on what would be that father's fury, could he know who I was longing to receive there.

"I cannot help it—I am desperate," was my feeling, and I walked to and fro in increasing agitation and excitement. I clasped my hands so tightly that the finger nails drew blood; I sighed sighs which were groans, and which, in bursting from my bosom, almost rent it asunder. My head ached distractingly, and my limbs trembled under me, but I could not sit down and be still. Oh, agony! what an hour was that! The conflict between those two strongest loves that I had known was like that between life and death, and I was torn and disheveled thereby. But my thoughts were diverted into a more pleasant channel by the sound of his step upon the stairs.

As I opened my door to admit him, I tried vainly to think of what I had intended to say when he should enter.

His face was quite flushed; and as he tossed his beaver from him, and shook back his damp curls, he took my hand without a word.

We were both dumb, and from the same cause. Being utterly unable to speak, I began to cry; and this I did heartily. Ah! never before had I been so supported while I wept.

As naturally as if it had always been so, he had drawn me into his embrace, and my hands were clasped in his, as cold and trembling as my own.

Leaning against his heart gave me strength and confidence. I knew that he was mine, and I was his; why should I fear to open my heart to him?

I did not fear. I felt sure, now, that he would not and could not despise me any more than I could despise him.

"Oh! how my father hates you!" I sobbed.

"And his killing you, because you love me," was his low answer. "I tell your reason for desiring to see me, and I am here. What is honor and duty to me now? I confess I cannot tell. Was it but the voice of passion that cries out for you, I would not heed it—was it but a vain fancy in you that desired me, I would smile and turn away; but years have told that our love is the love of our lives, and that we are each the great heart-want of the other, must we then go starved, and shivering, and solitary all through life, because of a most unjust dislike which your father cherishes towards me?"

"Oh! I don't know what to say to you, Le Roy, but it would make my father frantic for me to disobey him, and he has always been most kind to me; I dare not thus offend him. I cannot, nor can I longer live entirely apart from you. I shall lose my very reason if I cannot sometimes see you thus—thus, Le Roy—for I love you as my own soul, and I must, oh! I must have just this one comfort of now and then a secret visit from you. Perhaps it is not right—perhaps it is not maidenly; but oh! forgive me, and don't lose your good opinion of me; for I am an unhappy girl!"

And Le Roy did love and pity me. Bless his dear, noble heart! never once did he take advantage of the confidence I had placed in him. Never shall I forget the perfect respect with which the lover of my youth treated her who had placed herself so entirely in his power.

He said to me one day, as we sat together in my library—

"I would be very unwilling for the world to know of our concealed intercourse; for it would be sure to judge us hardly—and, Clara, the world

is right to be suspicious of such things; for where there is much secrecy and mystery, there is usually little purity. But for the entire devotion of my love for you, I could not be tempted to this appearance of evil; and God grant that we may be, ere long, delivered from the necessity of such a course. We are risking much in these meetings. Clara, when will you be twenty-one?"

He asked this question with a sudden change of expression which caused me to inquire—

"Why do you wish to know?"

"I will tell you upon your birth-day—when will it be?"

He spoke gravely. Soon after I had told him he departed, and I sat indulging in sundry misgivings of what he might desire when my birth-day came.

A great change had taken place in my feelings since unbending to him my heart. I felt calm and satisfied, having a sort of secret expectation that by-and-by something would occur which would cause a revulsion of feeling in my dear father.

I delighted in picturing to myself the day when he would declare his long mistake in the character of my lover; and frankly take him by the hand and call him friend.

"Then," said I, "soon after that he shall call him son."

Meantime, in all my griefs I had a comforter. Ah, me! how sweet it was to think, "Le Roy is coming. I will tell it all to him!" And when he came, and I was nestled in his arms, and talking softly—for fear of other ears than his—of all that had befallen me since last we met, what more could I desire? Truly, nothing. I was as happy and content as ever was young child on the breast of its mother.

Not so was Hastings. At every visit he seemed more anxiously to question me about the remarks my father had made of him; and about the young men who came thronging to our house—for my father was a wealthy man, and I his only daughter; and I had but one brother. Le Roy knew that there was one man for whom my father destined me; and he often spoke of him.

"Don't mention him, or any one else Le Roy. Don't you know that I am yours forever? I could not marry any man but you, even at your request; don't think I'm in danger of saying 'yes' to any other. Are you losing your trust in my perfect love, my own?"

"No, Clara. I know that I can ask no deeper or more tender love from you; but what I fear is, your dread of the displeasure of your father. All I can say to you don't seem to move you with any courage to brave that in order to become my wife; and how can I help fearing that it may prove that you will not dare persist in refusing obedience to any command he may see fit to lay upon you? And reflect upon what my feelings would be were I to lose you now."

"Never! never! Do not for one moment fear me there. Never will I wed any man but you—the thought alone is horror; but I cannot dare my father's anger, and grieve my father's heart by becoming your wife. At least, not yet, Le Roy—how can you wonder?"

He said no more at that time; and I hoped that he was satisfied; as for me, I could have been content to have matters stand just as they were forever; if only he could have felt as much at ease, and as happy as I felt.

On my twenty-first birth-day, Le Roy came to me, and said—

"Clara, you must now make your choice; either promise to become my wife within a week, or permit me to withdraw myself from your presence, to see you no more until you can become mine."

I wept, and besought of him to unsay his words. I could not live without him; and I dared not—oh! no, no—I dared not brave my father's stormy wrath.

"Then," said Le Roy, "we must part. There must be an end to this unacknowledged love; or, at least, to the feeding thereof, by these meetings. I cannot live longer in this way; and it is not well for you. It is dangerous to both of us; for a thousand chances might expose the habit; and who would believe that all as it really is between us—you would be ruined in the eyes of the world, and I am resolved that the risk shall be run no longer. Clara, for our health's sake, for our reason and our credit's sake, I am determined to see you no more. This is my last visit; this is my last embrace, until you can recall me to lead you to the altar. My love—my own poor, foolish Clara—farewell!"

Shocked and stunned was I; and in such deep dismay, that it was not till some moments after he had gone that I had power to move, hardly to think.

"Gone!—has he gone, with such words?"

The door had closed peremptorily behind him; I could not see him from my window; but he would soon return! Oh! yes, he would certainly soon return!

But three weeks passed, and he did not come; when four had gone, there were no tidings of him; another went in anxious watching, and such suspense as only they who have felt it can understand. The uncertainty became intolerable—I would have given worlds to have been able to seek sympathy from some one; but I dared not; "I will try and get him out of my mind," I said, "or I really think I shall become a maniac. I will go away, and seek to drown thought in the excitement of visiting."

I, therefore, went from home for a few days, and then returned to discover that Le Roy had, in my absence, been to see me. Now, now, indeed I was distressed. He had left no word for me; no sign by which I might judge of his feelings towards me; but, surely, surely, he would soon return. In this fond hope I waited—calm, outwardly calm, to stupidity, for I could hardly comprehend a word that was addressed to me; and my father said, testily—

"Clara, you behave like one moon-stricken—what ails you, child?" But within all was as the raging sea; aye, a sea of fire, whose billows spurned all control. Holding down, as best I might, the desperation that was growing within me, I waited for hours, for days, for weeks, but Le Roy did not come, and at length I became desperate through suffering. I started to seek him; I knew his home—it was about half a mile from the mansion of my father. He boarded in the stately and elegant dwelling of his married brother, and my intention was to go to the door and seek for him. Coward that I was, and guilty that I felt, I had not dared to entrust any message to a servant, or to a note, lest my father might, by some magic means, discover the act, for not yet had I come to the point of owning to him my true situation. The only thing that I could think of was to disguise myself as well as I could, and go and ask to see Mr. Hastings at the door; but, when I came near the house, it seemed to frown at me, and I dared not go up to the door. Oh! what would I not have given could I have seen the form of Le Roy come forth. "I will wait for him," I said, and I did wait until I dared to continue in the street no longer, for the hour grew late; then I went wea-

rily home, to lay down, to toss to and fro, like a wave of the unquiet sea; for sleep I could not, and all the next day, and all of many days, I spent in outward efforts to look and act as usual, and in inward longing for the shades of night to fall, that I might again go forth to seek him. My soul loved such days as those were—each one seemed as a year—they are fearful to remember—and all the time my burden was growing more intolerable, from the reflection: "he cannot love me, or he would never, never, be so cruel towards me!" Still, I was determined to see him once more, or to die, watching for his footsteps. It was winter, and many an hour did I, the child of luxury, crouch, shivering on marble steps, near to the house of my lover. I took cold, and was troubled with a racking cough, but still went out every evening to try to see Le Roy. "Why did he never go in or out at that door when my eyes were upon it?" It was to me as if he had an instinctive knowledge that I was there, and kept purposely away. Those miserable watchings! I never wept while they were going on, for I was too utterly wretched to weep, and yet, despite the anguish of my love, the dread of its discovery was just as strong as ever. Thus was I hedged about, with both fear and sorrow. I could not understand why fate should be to me so cruel; never had I wantonly harmed even a dog, and no heart was more quick than mine to feel for the unfortunate. "Why must I suffer so? Oh! why!" said my groaning spirit. And sometimes, for a moment, a fierce resentment towards Le Roy would spring up within me.

"Hard-hearted, selfish being!" would I mutter, with my cold, stiff lips. "How much better he loves himself than he does me! What if I am a poor coward, and afraid of offending my dear father—it is because he has always been so good to me. He never would leave me alone to suffer thus, if he knew as well as Le Roy must know how I do suffer. I wonder how he would feel if he should find me dead out here in the street? I almost wish he might. I have a great mind to go over and lie down at his door and die; for I should soon freeze to death to-night—'tis bitter cold—my very blood is chilled, and seems freezing! I wonder if Le Roy will come out first to-morrow morning?"

"My life, at least, will not be long!" I said; feeling within me a sensation as if death were already bellowing my heart. But it was the stupor which follows intense suffering, that I felt; the worst of that agony was past; and, as day after day went by, and my hopes all died, perishing now one by one, now cluster by cluster, I became able, through numbness of feeling, to bear my disappointment.

At length I had given up seeing him, till—I did not know when—but for a long, long, uncertain time—some dim time in the future—when suddenly I remembered afresh his parting words: "This is my last visit, until you can recall me to lead you to the altar!"

With one cry of rapture, I ran to my desk and wrote: "I am yours, if you will but come to take me," and with, what was for me, strange boldness, I called my maid and sent her to the office with the note. I would have gone myself, but could not. I was faint with anxiety and expectation, and must remain at home till this act was finished.

I had not long to wait now—the point to which Le Roy had been waiting for me to come was reached at last, and in twenty minutes after receiving my last note, my lover was with me.

He entered the library noiselessly, and his arms were close about me before I knew he was there. And once more I felt the throbbings of that dear heart! What a thought! really and truly beside my lover once again!

With what unspeakable delight did I behold the sweet face of Le Roy, as, all bright with his winning smiles, he bent it towards me.

"You have suffered, you poor, little darling, and this meeting does quicken the beatings of that fearing and loving heart, my own," said he, in tender and compassionate tones.

I told him then of all those miserable watchings; and fully did my heart exonerate him from every charge of coldness and cruelty, when I saw him shaken by sobs, and his face drenched by tears, as he held me to his breast, and said, in a low, choked voice—

"My poor, darling Clara!" When we parted that night, it was but to meet again at midnight the following one; and then we were made one forever.

Le Roy had consented to allow me to keep our marriage secret as long as I wished to do so.

And so at midnight we went forth and were wed. Never have I forgotten the thrill with which I heard Le Roy for the first time call me "wife." It seemed to me that I could not be awake. But although I was his, he was not to claim me—I was still to be subject to my father.

I would admit my husband to my chamber through a door from which a staircase led directly to the garden; and up and down this he used to pass whenever he came to me.

We had been married about two months, when my father informed me of his desire that I should accept Mr. Campton (the man for whom he had long intended me) for my lover.

"And I wish, my dear girl, that you should prepare your mind for becoming his wife at an early day."

Here was trouble beginning. My coolness towards my new suitor suggested to his mind the idea that I might already have a favorite; and he at once resolved to discover if this were so.

Meantime, my husband was becoming more my idol every day, and I was beginning to feel that even my father's anger could be borne for his sake, especially as it was not at all likely that that anger could last forever, when he came to understand what an incomparable son-in-law he had obtained.

"Let them fix the wedding-day," I said merrily to Le Roy; "and when they go to look for the bride, she will be not there."

The hearty embrace of my husband was my reward for this; and we talked long of our plans for the future.

"Oh, my husband," said I, "how I do pity lovers who are obliged to live apart. When I think of all the misery which we have known, I feel that I can never sufficiently thank God that we are at least together, not to be parted—never to be parted again! Oh, precious Le Roy!"

"Dear, darling wife!" said my husband, tenderly.

That morning, when in the gray of dawn he left me, he said, with a low and pleasant laugh:

"A little longer, and then no more such early partings; we'll be as lazy as we please when we get into our own house. Good morning, sweet wife. I would that it were evening again, for I do hate to leave you for so many hours."

He embraced and kissed me with more than usual fervor, and then went softly down the stairs.

I stood listening to the last sound of his footsteps. Just as they had died away, I thought I heard a sound as if of a smothered cry, and then a fall. Trembling with terror I crept back into

bed—trying to reassure myself with the thought I must have imagined it all.

But when night came, and no Le Roy, I again recalled those strange sounds; and they filled me with vague horror. What could they have been? and where—oh! where—was my husband?

As I sat thus in my room, I heard some one enter from below; and soon after there came a summons for me to my father's study.

Mr. Campton was there. My father's face, as he turned it towards me, was white as death, and full as rigid. Mr. Campton seemed greatly excited.

"Wretched girl!" exclaimed my father, as I entered the room, "how have you dared to pollute your father's dwelling by your wanton conduct? Behold the witness of your sin; and its punishment also; for it was by his hand that the partner of your guilt met with his death! He slew him this morning, almost at your chamber door!"

My stiffening lips could only murmur forth: "He was my husband!" and I fell, stricken to the heart as by a bolt from heaven, lifeless to the floor.

For weeks my life was despaired of; and the fear of losing me, with the knowledge that the suspicion he had entertained had wronged me, softened the heart of my dear father so much that, when one day a pale and feeble stranger called on him, and besought of him, for the love of God, to allow him to go to his daughter's side, he burst into tears, and said:

"Go then, poor fellow, go."

I had just been dreaming of my lost Le Roy, when, upon opening my eyes, I saw at my bedside the pale stranger, and near him my father standing weeping.

It needed no second glance to tell me who was bending over me with features beaming with ineffable love and pity.

Such sharp and distracting joy as seized upon me was not to be endured; and stretching out my hands to my "dead who was alive again," I cried, "Le Roy—husband!" and the whole world reeled and vanished. I was insensible from joy as before from distress.

It needs hardly to be told how I recovered; how all was confessed and all forgiven; and how, with that dearest and kindest of fathers, and with that restored husband, my years passed happily away.

Le Roy had been sadly wounded, indeed, but not slain; and the care of those who had conveyed him away to bury him, but who, on discovering that he still lived, had done all they could for his help, had at length restored him to sufficient strength to get to me, as has been related.

All these things took place long ago; but how fresh are they in memory even yet.

I am alone now in my father's house. I am an orphan and a widow; but I am happy. Happy because I know that my friends are not lost to me; although I cannot, just now, see them, because of the mists that hang thickly about the river which they have gone over, and because my eyes are hidden by the fleshly dimness that is still upon them; and I know that they think of me as truly and as tenderly—aye with a deeper and purer tenderness—as I do of them; and that, in a little time, I shall rejoin them; and in the presence, and with the loving favor of Him who is the truest friend of all—who gave me all the others, I shall go in and out among them forever.

And now why I have confided all this heart-history to the public I can scarcely tell; and whether its influence will be for good or evil I do not know. But one thing I can tell, and do know—that is, that the human heart is a helpless and defenceless thing, and that there is no help or support on earth strong enough for it to lean upon; and that within it, beating to and fro with restless energy, like the troubled sea, go passions and yearnings, and wants and woes, and that there is no shore against which its waves may break and be at rest, save the eternal shore of Heaven.

## WHY IS A DANDY LIKE A MUSHROOM?

Because he's a regular sap-head,  
His waist is remarkably slender;  
His growth is exceedingly rapid,  
And his top is uncommonly tender.

## FASCINATION.

It is my firm belief, says the Rev. Mr. Borrow, that certain individuals possess an inherent power, or fascination, over certain creatures, otherwise I should be unable to account for many facts which I have witnessed, and, indeed, borne a share in, connected with the taming of brutes and reptiles. I have known a savage and vicious mare, whose stall it was dangerous to approach, even when bearing provender, welcome, nevertheless, with every appearance of pleasure, an uncouth, wiry-headed man, with a frightfully seamed face, and an iron hook supplying the place of his right hand—one whom the animal had never seen before, playfully bite his hair, and cover his face with gentle and endearing kisses; and I have already stated how a viper would permit, without resentment, one child to take it up in his hand, whilst it showed its dislike to the approach of another by the fiercest hissing. Philosophy can explain many strange things, but there are some which are a far pitch above her, and this is one.

## THE "SISTER."

There is something lovely in the name of sister, and its utterance rarely fails to call up the warm affections of the gentle heart. The thoughts that circle round it are all quiet, beautiful and pure. Passion has no place with its associations. The hopes and fears of love, those strong emotions, powerful enough to shatter and extinguish life itself, find no home there. The bride is the star, the talisman of the heart, the diamond above all price, bright and blazing in the noontide sun; a sister, the gem of milder light, calm as the mellow moon, and set in a coronet of pearls.

DIGESTION.—It is a principal object of medicine to give strength and tranquillity to the system at large, which must have a beneficial influence on all its parts, and greatly promote the well-doing of every local disease. We cannot reasonably expect tranquillity of the nervous system whilst there is disorder of the digestive organs. As we can perceive no permanent source of strength but from the digestion of our food, it becomes important on this account that we should attend to its quantity, quality, and the periods of taking it, with a view to insure its perfection.

THE BATH.—Next to eating and sleeping, the bath may be ranked among the very foremost of the necessities and supports of life. It is of far higher consequence, and of more general utility, than any kind of manual exercise, gymnastic, or sport. It affects the system more powerfully than these, even in the very points wherein their excellence consists; and it is applicable in a thousand circumstances where they are not. It does not supersede, but it ought to come before, these other practices.

## CHILDHOOD.

If there is anything that can warm the chilled feelings and send the blood bounding through the veins of sober manhood, it must be sympathy with the joyous spirit of childhood. The sense of animal enjoyment which ever utters its voice in mirthfulness, is so strong within all children,—there is such a fountain of pure unmingled joy ever bubbling up from the heart to the lips,—such a frank, honest manifestation of delight in their "day of small things," that he must be world-hardened indeed who can resist the cheerful influences of a close companionship with the "little people." We look on a group of merry children with a feeling that would almost approach to envy, if benevolence and a sort of pity for their unconsciousness of a chequered future did not awaken our tenderness. Then comes Memory, with her wand of power. The wheels of Time roll back,—we are once more children,—once more dwelling in the green nooks or gamboling in the flowery paths of that fairy land of life. Picture after picture rises before our imagination,—we are lost in dreams of by-gone days,—and when, at last, the spell is broken, we feel that by such recollections, even when embalmed in tears, the heart is made better. Oh, blessed indeed are the influences of a happy childhood to all who can call up such visions. Sorrow may cloud the present day, and fear may haunt the future,—guilt may have stained the hand, and vice blackened the heart; but, from the depths of degradation and sorrow and crime, will men look back to the scenes of their earliest youth with a yearning tenderness. And if those scenes are clad in the sunshine of joy,—if they can behold the good, the beautiful and the true, who can tell with what redeeming power such reminiscences may come to the world-weary, and sin-stained soul?

## THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

Of all the woe, and want, and wretchedness, which awaken our compassion; of all the scenes of misery which call so loudly for sympathy; there is none that so harrows up the feelings as the drunkard's home! Look at him who began life with the love of friends, the admiration of society, the prospect of extensive usefulness; look at him in after years, when he has learned to love the draught, which, we shudder while we say it, reduces him to the level of the brute. Where is now his usefulness? where the admiration, where the love that once were his? Love! none but the love of a wife, or a child, can cling to him in his degradation. Look at the woman, who, when she repeated "for better for worse," would have shrunk with terror had the faintest shadow of the "worse" fallen upon her young heart. Is that she who on her bridal day was adorned with such neatness and taste? Ah, me! what a sad change! And the children, for whom he thanked God, at their birth; the little ones of whom he had been so proud, whom he had dandled on his knee, and taught to lip the endearing name of father—see them trembling before him, and endeavoring to escape his violence. Look at the empty basket, and the full bottle; the natural wants of the body denied, to satisfy the unnatural cravings of a depraved appetite.

Oh, God, have pity upon the drunkard's home!

## HAPPINESS TO THE GREATEST NUMBER.

"The greatest happiness to the greatest number" is the Divine will. But what is the greatest happiness? The due satisfaction of all the desires. But what is a desire? The need for some species of sensation. But a sensation is producible only by the exercise of a faculty. Hence no desire can be satisfied but through the exercise of a faculty. But happiness consists in the due exercise of all the faculties. Now, if God wills man's happiness, and man's happiness can be obtained only by the exercise of all his faculties, then God wills that man should exercise his faculties—that is, it is man's duty to exercise his faculties, for duty means the fulfillment of the Divine will. But the fulfillment of this duty necessarily pre-supposes freedom of action; without it he cannot fulfill God's will. God intended him to have it; that is, he has a right to it—a right to that liberty. But this is not the right of one, but of all. All must have rights to liberty of action; hence arises necessarily a limitation. The freedom of each must be bounded by the similar freedom of all. This limitation of the liberty of action in each, by the similar right in all, is regulated by the moral sense.

## DREAMLAND.

Our life is not wholly made up of the time while we are awake. Perhaps we actually live as much while asleep; for it is well known that we often dream over hours, and sometimes days and weeks in a few moments. But of all that part of our existence we are very ignorant. What wonderful, interesting or appalling adventures we pass through in the dead watches of the night, is known only in those profound recesses of the soul which lie beyond the ken of consciousness, and out of the reach of memory. We can bring away from the land of dreams but fragmentary recollections of strange adventures that probably happened to us just as we were repassing the boundary between it and the dull world of wakefulness. Yet, these are sufficient to show, that however chequered our ordinary life may be, it is quite tame and devoid of incident in comparison with that which lies beyond the curtain of sleep.

## INCONSISTENCY.

Inconsistency seldom has its source in hypocrisy; a man may be sincere, though at times his words and acts are different, and his words carried into practice would entirely contradict and condemn his life. The life is the result of inherited tendencies, education, habit; the conversation or public speech of a rare and passing excitement, showing the man as he might have been if rightly trained. There are but few of sufficiently continuous clearness of thought, and, above all, of sufficient boldness and firmness, to be consistent. Very few have any real self, any true independence. By far the most of us are mere slaves, fenced in, and bound and lashed by custom. That the acts and speech do not accord is no hypocrisy, but the result of thoughtlessness or cowardice.

## A PERSIAN FABLE.

A merchant had a pet parrot, and, previous to going to India, he asked Poll what present he should bring her. "No present," said the parrot; "only when you see my brothers dancing on the greenward, tell them how I pine in a little prison." The merchant journeyed and delivered the message, and a parrot immediately fell dead from a tree. The merchant returned, and immediately told his parrot, who fell dead from his perch on hearing the news. The merchant, with tears, picked up the body and cast it out, when, to his surprise, the parrot revived and flew to a tree, singing—"The Indian parrot taught me to die to be free, one day. O master, thou shalt so gain thy freedom!"